THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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VOLUME XXVII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 18, 1848. WHOLE NO. 1390.

Original Poetry.

'TIS HARD TO PART.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY ABIGAIL SHIVELEY

Composed at the burial of my youngest brother, Michael Shiveley, cashier of the parent, "The Big Beaver." "'Tis Hard," &c.

"The hard to part, dear brother, mourn,
Each shrub of grief so small,
'Tis true that sensible horse of thine
And any—A last Farewell!"
"The hard to part." 'Tis hard to part,
E'en though I have no glister,
Where cold to death thy noble heart
Must sleep within the tomb!

'Tis hard to part!—but to the eye
A last adieu I bid.
Where for the pain and lofty brow,
They've placed the rollin hid!
I never shall behold thee more
Within this world of pain;
But, blessed thought, at Canaan's shore,
We there shall meet again!

Mortal remains beneath the sod,
By mortal hands be done;
Immortal soul home up to God,
Receive a shining crown,
Where Christ, upon His throne of Love,
First clasped thee in His arms,
And smiled thee for His courts above,
Rescued from Satan's alarms!

And now within the spirit land,
From pain forever free,
With Christ would her joyful hand,
How happy must thou be!
And yet I mourn. "Twas hard to part.
With thee I loved so well;
But still there's comfort in my heart,
Which naught on earth may quell!

And when I've past from Earth and Time,
To blest Eternity,
When that pure and lofty clime,
Again I'll meet with thee!
And then with thee may I rejoice,
On that eternal shore,
With joy we meet! With joy we meet!
We'll part no more!

Wright's Mills, Pioneer.

THE STOLEN FLOWER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I well not give thee back the flower
I stole from thee one summer eve.
Oh no! thoughts of a happy hour
Come with it, and I cannot grieve.
'Twill pass in beautiful decay;
Again I'll meet it with thee here.
I know, I know 'twas wrong to steal
Love's emblem ere thy love was mine.
But I am simply glad to feel
The one sweet flower that ever was thine.
And I could not, though I would,
Give up the gift that I have stolen,
Because I know it is a token
That you have given your heart to me.
And then with thee may I repose,
On that eternal shore,
With joy we meet! With joy we meet!
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And then with thee may I repose,
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Wright's Mills, Pioneer.

Original Tales.

THE TALISMANS.

(CONTINUED.)

TRANSLATED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

CHAPTER VI.

Frederic hastened to obey the injunction of his magician. He hired, on the instant, a great hall in whose he had known during his college life, and with whose intelligence and activity he was well acquainted; he dressed him in a rich suit of clothes, and installed him at his office. He then agreed with a certain number for the hire of an elegant equipage, upon which he had the arms of De Neuberg painted; he sent out circulars to all the nobility of the court in a suitable manner. After these first steps, he was hurrying out to visit the University and rejoin his friend Gerard, when he hastily stopped him and took him aside.

"Pardon me, my friend, that I may seem indiscreet; but I must give you some warning. You are young and handsome;—have you not some jealous rival, some bitter enemy?"

"Why do you ask, my dear M. Leibmann?"

"I think that some of the most ill-looking fellows have been prowling round the hotel. I have seen a number of suspicious visages."

"I myself replied to them. But I warn you to be on your guard, and to keep your eyes open. In Paris, we easy to have a quarrel, and to give you a dangerous blow. Are you in that Counsellor Inspector?"

"Yes, M. Leibmann, I have been so commissioned."

"Ah! I congratulate you. This, then, accounts for it. Be prudent, I beg you; trust to my experience. Are you sure of your new domestic?"

"Very sure; I know him well at college."

"So much the better; at all events I shall have my eyes upon him."

"I thank you for your interest and good advice, M. Leibmann."

Have you another cause for perplexity? Frederic, however, hastened to the tavern in which he knew he should find his college friends were accustomed to meet. Recently they had met there, for Lodolph's father had given a table with an individual whose appearance and manners had astonished them. The unprotected gaiety and without noise, so that he could hear the conversation of the neighboring room.

"Frederic de Neuberg!" said Ludwig, in his loud voice. "Good! you know him? I congratulate you. He is a capital fellow by my soul, and—in his health!"

"He has made his way well and quickly," said the individual.

"Ah!" said Ludwig, "if he has been on the way ever since I saw him, he is far enough by this time."

"Pa! Why, I should bet with him but yesterday."

"Yesterday! confusion, my dear fellow. I drank my last cup of wine with him last week. He was indeed upon the point—though he did not look it—of high peace."

"He has made his way well and quickly," said the individual.

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"Pa! Why, I should bet with him but yesterday."

"Yesterday! confusion, my dear fellow. I drank my last cup of wine with him last week. He was indeed upon the point—though he did not look it—of high peace."

"Ah! indeed. He has probably found the means of filling it. He was very intimate, was he not, with a certain Rosenheim?"

"Rosenheim! I knew a student of that name."

"He was not a student—"

"No! he is a count!" suddenly interrupted Frederic, placing his hand upon the shoulder of the speaker. "Confound it, you are too good to be deeply interested in my conduct and my affairs."

Behind the first exclamation of surprise, Ludwig had concealed an embarrassment which Frederic had not observed. He turned round, however, and separated.

"Ah! Frederic!" said Ludwig, with a laugh of which he had not yet entirely got rid, "you have come to see us. Ah! you are not ashamed of your former friends, and after having succeeded in getting out of Ludwig for that evening at the Golden Lion, Frederic left the tavern. He had scarcely taken a few steps, when he heard some one hasten after him. It was Ludwig.

"Frederic," said he, carelessly. "Do you play?"

"No," replied he, adversely, with ill concealed impatience, and he turned to go down the table. Another took his place, and won the first stakes.

"Double!" said Frederic, in the same tone, and he won.

"Ah! well," he continued, with the same indifference, "you have become a Croesus, and I am sure he won. His opponent would not risk another stake. Frederic, with a little hesitation among the company, and it was some time before another took his place.

"Ah!" said Frederic, "you play?"

"Monsieur," said he to him, still with indifference, "have you fulfilled the duties of hospitality for twenty years?"

"Yes," replied Frederic, burning respectfully, "I am but twenty-two."

The Baron leaped, and struck him upon the shoulder.

"In truth, Baron de Neuberg," said he, "you really surprise me. If I may speak frankly, I did not expect from one of your age so much knowledge of business and the duties of an office by which you were but yesterday a stranger. I am quite astonished—astounded; and some of the offices of which you have spoken; but, heretofore, I am sure that your negligence has kept you from being pleased with your zeal. He returned from hunting, and found his son in the tavern with some one who had come to make particular mention of you. I have questioned upon your character and conduct, and—"

"Ah! you have questioned upon my character?"

"I know of but one player here worthy of your skill; it is M. de Neuberg. You will make excellent sport between you."

"Of course—without doubt. Adieu then till I see you again. I am with a cordial shaking of hands they separated.

Frederic was well satisfied with the success of his measures, and returned in a cheerful mood to the Golden Lion. He there found Ludwig, alone, and very anxious to see him. Ludwig had another letter from his unknown. He rumbles down the table, and the conversation was carried on in low tones.

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Frederic was well satisfied with the success of his measures, and returned in a cheerful mood to the Golden Lion. He there found Ludwig, alone, and very anxious to see him. Ludwig had another letter from his unknown. Its contents drove the young man to despair. He rumbles down the table, and the conversation was carried on in low tones.

"Ah! Frederic,"

United States SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:
SATURDAY, MARCH 18, 1848.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

To Agents.—We do not send this paper gratis on the trial of its merits, to any person.

Postmasters, "Agents and "Clubbing Jays" are requested to act as Agents for said indefinite number. The way this is was very proper to close them due to-gether.

W. W.—Our checks are due to W. W. by his re-mittance. We are sorry that the "account" was not in time for January.

NOTICE.

The firm of Samuel D. Patterson & Co. is this day dissolved by mutual consent. D. Peterson having withdrawn from the concern. The publication of the Saturday Evening Post will be continued by the undersigned partners, under the firm of Samuel D. Patterson—who are fully authorized to receipt for the outstanding debts of the old firm of S. D. Patterson & Co.

SAMUEL D. PATTERSON,
EDMUND DEACON,
HENRY PETERSON.

Philada. Feb. 19, 1848.

TO THOSE IN ARREARS.

We trust that the large number of our subscribers who are in arrears to the old firm of S. D. Patterson & Co. will favor the present proprietor of the Saturday Evening Post with a remittance, as we do not like to say close our old account, as we have made many movements to enlarge and beautify the Post—and will subject us to a large additional yearly ex-pense, we shall be under the necessity of being more strict than heretofore in relation to payment in advance. We trust subscribers will not be offended at this, and that those whose terms we are compelled to stop from our list, will not feel back with us for so doing, but will continue to cherish the old friendly feeling towards the Post and the proprietor.

TO POSTMASTERS.

We trust we still friends, the Postmasters, will exert themselves, and get up large clubs for the ensuing Post; for if they do not find inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to some other influential and respectable person who will be willing to do so. We think there cannot be no great difficulty in getting clubs from the enlarged paper, as those who will take to the trouble to enquire it with the other weekly papers, cannot fail to perceive that it publishes all competition. Let it be remem-bered, also, that the postage is just the same on a first class paper, as on the smallest and poorest of the small reprints.

TO OUR FRIENDS.

We are daily in the receipt of letters from our friends through the country, full of the kindest wishes for our continued prosperity, and inclosing long lists of new subscribers as a proof of the good will of the writers. It is a source of constant re-gret to us, that it is almost impossible for us to answer all these kind letters, in the manner our feelings would desire. But if we were to do so, the editing of the paper would certainly suffer. We therefore know no better way to do, than to express our thanks in toto at once, in this public man-ner; and strove by unwearied assiduity and liberal conduct, to continue to deserve the entire support of our friends.

AMUSING.

It is amusing to see the way in which some of our weakly contemporaries attempt to decry the low subscription of our paper; but they lack the requisite energy or circulation to warrant a sim-lar move on their own part, they resort shallow subterfuges, which deserve nobody, that their little sheets really "a printer's benevolence," as much as the Macaroni Post. There is no use in contradicting such statements until eyes go out of fashion.

THE PRUSSIAN PRESS.

There is an article in the last number of Dun-can Jarrold's magazine, professedly written by a Prussian co-editor, giving an account of the despot-ism exercised over the press of that country by the government. It shows the practical working of a censorship of the press, and how paralyzing such a constant restraint is, first to the press itself, and as a necessary consequence, to the mind and heart of the people.

The article opens with an exclamation of a Lon-don English paper upon the ubiquity of the Prus-sian papers. The words of the Englishman are answered by a fellow traveller, who turns out ulti-mately to be an editor:

The contents of every number of a Prussian pa-per must be subjected to the censorship and a con-sor-ship which is not a mere matter of form, but one who believes it can be sensi. This censor is compen-sable in turn to a secretary of the particular dis-trict, whose duty it is to read all the papers pub-lished in that district, and to call the censors to account for any objectionable matter that may ap-pear in them. Of course this generally causes a most unnatural connexion. Not only editor and censoring direct and even indirect attacks upon the existing state or things, or any measure of the government or of the neighboring governments, are prosecuted, but even the indulgence of a liberal tone in the general tendency of the paper is punish-ed. In the latter case, articles that cannot be for-bidden into being reprinted in the newspapers sanc-tioned by the censor, avowedly on account of the existence of a general tone unfavorable to the persons that be.

"Tyranny of late has running grown," says the poet, and we know no better exemplification of the truth of this, than the Prussian law forbidding the proprietor of a paper to have shares in the press the censor's pen has run through. If this were done the people might have a chance of seeing some of least they would no longer wonder at the sti-pidity of their press; but the law expressly re-quires, under penalties, that the shares be owned by the censor, shall be filled up in such a manner as to leave no trace whatever. This is the very perfection of tyranny.

And in case a publisher remain the payment of the legal fines, what matters it? He is seized se-cretly, perhaps at night, and carried to some fort-ress, or to prison. No one knows where he is, even hours of it—he should a brother editor even days in vain-ly to learn it by inquiry, the censor yet is there to cause it before publication. Truly such an engine of tyranny as the censorship of the press, has seldom been devised by the infernal wit of despots.

But suppose the secretary who superintends the censor, happens to imbibe liberal sentiments, how shall true be wrought? Impossible! Experience, as if a very determined and able struc-ture to laugh at.

"Very steps have not a case
Where, as if the road pre-ssment trees a cast."

Immaterial, the genius of the Prussian law! But if he be made of more pliable stuff, they fasten him by the debt process. Here is the, the censor rules, if an assistant or a secretary, he is not worth your while. The Government, on pretense of keeping its officials honest, prevents their becoming involved in pecuni-ary difficulties beyond their means, &c., has made a regu-lation, according to which no official can borrow money or any one who has got into debt beyond a certain amount, and if he do so is to give notice to his hon into debt. Here it is true is explained by the ex-pression in the following passage:—

"But how can they get him into debt?" asked Mr. Cooper.

"Nothing more easy. For instance, take a censorship that is worth 2,000 yearly pay, or, if you please, not 1,000. Most of them have no private fortune whatever, that they have to depend on their yearly pay of those children. Take the case that this man is a young married man, with a family, and living on government. The next is a crushed hon-est wretch, to whom the 2,000 thalers are a for-tune very much better. Say he lives at Co-blentz. He has a wife and children, and he has got the post or office of Secretary of Justice to, and next to Hatzfeld to be a counselor of some court there. He has a house and garden, and lives in a rather ex-pensive thermal style. He cannot take his furniture—he must sell it—and delightful. A house in the same of his house. In Berlin he must rent and furnish another house, and he must have a carriage, come his appearance for a family. When he is brought quartered, and has to pay the rent, and to sa-ry for the large here as his income, which the ce-sor knows, and he has got into debt before he knows it. Another is a Secretary who has been re-pertoire to Minister. If you look at the map, you will see that Co-blentz is a considerable distance from Berlin. The time it can be come so much got a little in debt in furniture, poor fellow, he is up to the ears. At first he only takes furniture enough for a respecting every moment to be sent of a minister to Berlin. Furniture is not sold off, but he cannot collect the expense to is or the his lodgings. He goes deeper into debt. Another is sent to him on a mission. He is then sent to another place. By this time he finds himself in two or three hun-dred pounds. His creditors grow importunate—to-gether with the censor. The poor man is ruined. The estate of ruin? The poor man is ruined. The estate of ruin? The poor man is ruined. The estate of ruin?

United States SATURDAY POST.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, No. 1 Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our general travelling agent for the Western States, assisted by *James R. Smith, J. T. Dent, T. Gardner Smith, Frederick J. Hawse, John W. Armstrong, Jason Taylor, E. M. Stevenson, and W. Ramsey.*

Mr. ISRAEL E. JAMES, 182 South Tenth street, Philadelphia, is our general travelling agent for the Southern and South-Western States, assisted by *Jas. K. Whipple, William H. Weld, O. H. P. Sens, John B. Weld, T. S. Waterman, John Collins, James Deering, Isaac D. Guyer, R. S. James and Robt. Barton.*

Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS of Montgomery, Alabama, is our general travelling agent for Alabama and Tennessee.

THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for New York.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Penna.

JAS. PIERCE, do. in New Jersey.

CHAS. S. ROWLEY will receive subscribers and subscriptions for this paper in the State of Ohio.

MORTIMER T. WEBB, do. do. do. for New York State.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Of SAFFORD & PARK, Norwich, Connecticut.

Subscriptions will be received at either of the above mentioned Depots.

From Washington.

CONGRESSIONAL NEWS.

SENATE.

On the 6th, Mr. Webster presented a petition from inhabitants of Virginia, praying that the proceeds of the sales of the public lands might be set apart for the eventual abolition of slavery, by using the sum so obtained for the purchase and manumission of all female infant slaves.

The question of reception was raised by Mr. Mason, of Virginia, and this petition, on motion, was laid on the table, the usual course in the Senate on all questions touching the slave question.

Mr. Jefferson Davis submitted a resolution directing the committee on Naval Affairs to inquire into the expediency of establishing a Navy Yard at Ship Island, off the coast of Mississippi, which was adopted.

Mr. J. Davis also submitted a resolution directing the Committee on Commerce to inquire into the expediency of establishing a Custom House at Biloxi, Mississippi, and erecting light-houses at Ship Island and Mississippi City, which was adopted.

At half past 12 Mr. Sevier moved an Executive Session, which was agreed to.

On the 9th, Mr. Reverdy Johnson inquired of the Chair, whether the Secretary of War had returned any answer to the resolution of the 30th December last, calling for information as to the entire number of troops sent by order of the Government to Mexico, the number killed in battle and dying of wounds received in battle, and the number of deaths by disease.

The presiding officer replied that no communication has as yet been received.

Mr. Johnson then said he should at an early day renew the resolution, and call for information unless the former one was speedily answered.

Mr. Sevier then moved that the Senate go into Executive Session, which was agreed to.

On the 10th, the Vice President laid before the Senate several petitions, numerously signed, for the purchase of Mount Vernon, the seat of General Washington, by the Government. The petitioners think that it should forever remain as national property. These petitions were referred to the Committee on the District of Columbia, and ordered to be printed.

On motion of Mr. Sevier, the Senate then went into Executive Session.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

On the 9th, Mr. Conger, from the Committee on Printing, reported a resolution to print 15,000 copies of Howison's Report of Oregon, its productions, &c., which was adopted.

The Speaker then announced, as the first business in order, the motion made by Mr. C. J. Ingersoll, to reconsider the vote by which the "Deficiency Bill" was ordered to be engrossed for a third reading.

Mr. C. J. Ingersoll being entitled to the floor, entered upon a reply to Mr. Levin's speech relative to the appropriation for defraying the expenses of a mission to the Papal States.

Lewis C. Levin rejoined in some remarks upon

Clippings.

☞ The Governor of Massachusetts, with the advice and consent of the Council, has appointed Thursday, the sixth day of April next, to be observed as a day of public fasting, humiliation and prayer.

☞ We heard of a polite Frenchman one time, who carried his ideas of gallantry to so high a pitch of sublimity, as to run round the other side of a lady when her shadow fell, so that he might avoid stepping on to it.

☞ The Duke of Buckingham owes about seven millions of dollars, and yet he has land enough for a kingdom in the heart of England, with palaces and gardens, none of which can be touched by a creditor.

☞ An awkward man in attempting to carve a goose, dropped it on the floor. "There now!" exclaimed his wife, "we have lost our dinner." "Oh, no, my dear!" answered he, "it is safe, for I have my foot on it."

☞ A chairman of a railway board in England, received as presents at Christmas upwards of two hundred turkies, geese, &c., and as he could not consume them all in his own family, he sent the greater portion to his friends, and in nearly every instance he unintentionally returned them to the donors.

☞ A Mr. Wilkinson has written to a western paper, informing the public that he thinks the newspaper record of his death is incorrect. He says to the best of his knowledge he is alive, and would be kicking if he could find the author of the report.

☞ Moustaches are recommended as a new object for taxation—a license to wear them at five dollars per annum would produce a fine revenue.

☞ An enterprising Yankee, in Russia, has obtained the exclusive privilege of cutting ice from the Neva, for foreign markets.

☞ Salt and water applied to the wicks of oil lamps or candles adds 10 per cent., it is said, to the brilliancy of their light.

☞ M. Leven de Hollen, who lately died in the city of Hamburgh, at the age of eighty-two, was one of its richest merchants, his fortune being declared 12,000,000 bank marks, or $4,000,000.—Fifty years ago he commenced business in Hamburgh, without fortune. His economy through life was extreme.

☞ The sweepings and rubbish of Paris are farmed by the city for 500,000 francs. After having rotted in pits for that purpose, the soil is sold at the rate of 3 and 5 francs per cubic metre, and produces about 3,000,000 francs.

☞ A few days ago, the editor of the Cincinnati Commercial, saw in the streets of that city, five crippled soldiers from Mexico—one without any arms, three with but an arm a piece, and one with a wooden leg.

☞ The Queen of Spain having had sixteen physicians in consultation on her case, the Boston Post thinks she is in a fair way to be gotten rid of.

☞ Postmasters are allowed to frank a letter containing money for subscriptions, under the present law.

☞ If there be aught on this earth, a species of mental pain, more utterly intolerable than the rest, it is to feel that no one sympathises with our sufferings—nay, that those sufferings themselves are regarded as matters of reproach and guilt.

Truth, gentle love is like the summer dew,
Which falls around when all is still and hush,
And falls unseen until its bright drops strew
With odors herb and flower and bank and bush.
Oh, love—when womanhood is in the flush,
And man's a young and an unspotted thing,
His first breathed word, and her half conscious blush,
Are fair as light in Heaven, or flowers in spring.

Miscellaneous.

TO A BEREAVED MOTHER.

FROM FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

Grieve not, fond mother, for thy boy departed
To brighter worlds. Shed no sad tears for him;
Be not at his long absence heavy-hearted;
Let not thine eye of faith and hope grow dim;
Oh, do not weep for him!

Where he has gone in fancy strive to follow;
Behold him in the robes of light arrayed;
Think how earth's joys are transient, vain, and hollow;

WE ARE GROWING OLD.

BY FRANCES BROWN.

We are growing old—how the thought will rise
When a glance is backward cast
On some long remember'd spot, that lies
In the silence of the past:
It may be the shrine of our early vows,
Or the tomb of early tears;
But it seems like a far-off isle to us,
In the stormy sea of years!

Oh! wide and wild are the waves that part
Our steps from its greenness now—
And we miss the joy of many a heart,
And the light of many a brow;
For deep o'er many a stately bark
Have the whelming billows roll'd,
That steer'd with us from that early mark—
Oh! friends, we are growing old!

Old in the dimness and the dust
Of our daily toils and cares,
Old in the wrecks of love and trust
Which our burden'd memory bears.
Each form may wear to the passing gaze
The bloom of life's freshness yet,
And beams may brighten our latter days
Which the morning never met;

But oh, the changes we have seen
In the far and winding way—
The graves in our path that have grown green,
And the locks that have grown grey!
The winters still on our own may spare
The sable or the gold;
But we saw their snows upon brighter hair—
And, friends, we are growing old!

We have gain'd the world's cold wisdom now,
We have learn'd to pause and fear—
But where are the living founts, whose flow
Was a joy of heart to hear?
We have won the wealth of many a clime,
And the lore of many a page—
But where is the hope that saw in Time
But its boundless heritage?

Will it come again when the violet wakes,
And the woods their youth renew?
We have stood in the light of sunny brakes,
Where the bloom was deep and blue;
And our souls might joy in the spring-time then,
But the joy was faint and cold—
For it ne'er could give us the youth again
Of hearts that are growing old.

MR. CLAY AND MRS. POLK.

FROM THE WESTERN CONTINENT.

It is doubtless known to our readers, that shortly before his departure from Washington, Mr. Clay attended a dinner party, with many other distinguished gentlemen of both political parties, at the President's house. The party is said to have been a very pleasant affair—the viands were choice, the wine was old and sparkling—good feeling abounded, and wit and lively repartee gave zest to the occasion, while Mrs. Polk, the winning and accomplished hostess, added the finishing grace of her excellent housewifery in the superior management of the feast. Mr. Clay was of course honored with a seat near the President's lady, where it became him to put in requisition those insinuating talents which he possesses in so eminent a degree, and which are irresistible even to his enemies.—Mrs. Polk, with her usual frank and affable manner, was extremely courteous to her distinguished guest, on whose good opinion, as of all who share the hospitalities of the White House, she did not fail to win.

"Madam," said Mr. Clay, in that bland manner peculiar to himself, "I must say that in my travels, wherever I have been, in all companies, and among all parties, I have heard but one opinion of you. All agree in commending, in the highest terms your excellent administration of the domestic affairs of the White House. But," continued he, directing her attention to her husband, "as for that young gentleman there, I cannot say as much. There is," said he, "some little difference of opinion in regard to the policy of his course."

"Indeed," said Mrs. Polk, "I am glad to hear that my administration is popular. And in return for your compliment, I will say that if the country should elect a Whig next Fall, I know of no one whose elevation would please me more than that of Henry Clay."

"Thank you, thank you, Madam."

—"And I will assure you of one thing. If you do have occasion to occupy the White House on the fourth of March next, it shall be surrendered to you in perfect order, from garret to cellar."

"I'm certain that——"

But the laugh that followed this pleasant repartee, which lost nothing from the manner nor the occasion of it, did not permit the guests at the lower end of the table to hear the rest of Mr. Clay's reply. Whether he was "certain that" he should be the tenant of the President's mansion, or whether he only said he was "certain that" whoever did occupy it would find it in good condition, like the result of the coming contest for the Presidency, remains a mystery.

GOING TO CONGRESS.

Going into a Western member's room the other

A Western Sketch.

A RATTLESNAKE ON A STEAMBOAT.

A leaf from the Life of a Louisiana Swamp Doctor.

Shortly before the usual time for wending my way north to the medical lectures, an opportunity was offered me by an ingenious negro, who had caught the reptile asleep, of exchanging a well-worn blanket coat and two dimes, principally in cash, for as fine a specimen of the Rattlesnake, as ever delighted the eye or ear of a naturalist; nine inches across the small of the back, six feet seven-eighths of an inch in length, eyes like globular lightning, colors as gaudy as an Arkansas gal's apron, twenty-three rattles and a great propensity to make them heard, were the strong points of my purchase.

Designing him as a propitiary offering to one of the professors, my next care was to furnish him with a fitting habitation. Nothing better presenting itself, I made him one out of a pine box, originally designed for shoes, by nailing thin slats transversely, so as neither to exclude air nor vision, but sufficiently close, I thought, to prevent him from escaping. The day for my departure arrived, and I had his snakeship carried on board the boat destined to bear me to Vicksburg, where I would take an Ohio steamer.

Unfortunately for the quietude of my pet, on the Yazoo boat was a young lady, who hearing that there was a live rattlesnake on board, allowed her curiosity to overcome her maiden diffidence sufficiently to prefer a request that the young doctor "would make its hanimal siller!" a process which the proverbial abstemiousness when in confinement of the "hanimal," was accomplishing rapidly without any intervention on my part. Politeness would not allow me to refuse, and as it was considerable of a novelty to the passengers, his snakeship was kept constantly stirred up, and his rattles had very little rest that trip.

The steamer at length swung along side of the wharf-boat at V———, and transferring my baggage, I lounged about until the arrival of a boat would give me opportunity of proceeding. The contents of the box were quickly discovered, and the snake had to undergo the same inflictions as the day previous, until thoroughly vexed, I made them desist, and resolved thenceforth I would conceal his presence, and allow him to travel as common baggage.

"The shades of night were falling fast" as the steamer "Congress" came booming along, and after a stay of a few minutes for passengers, proceeded on her way obtaining none, however, except myself. The snake-box was placed with the other baggage on the cabin deck, in front of the "social hall," jam up, as luck would have it, against one of the chimnies, making the location unpleasantly warm.

It was one of those clear, luminous nights in autumn, when not a cloud dims the azure, and the heavens so "beautifully blue" (alas! poor Neal,) are gleaming with their myriad stars, and the laughing breeze lifts the hair off the brow and presses the cheek with as soft a touch as the pulpy lips of a maiden in her first essay at kissing. The clear, croupy cough of the steamer was echoed back in prolonged asthmatic strains from the dark woods lining the river, like an army of cowled gigantic monks, come from their cells to see a steamboat. Supper was over, and the beauty of the night had enticed the majority of the passengers from the cabin to the open decks.

A good number, myself among the rest, were seated in front of the social hall, smoking our cigars and swapping yarns of all climes, sizes, nations and colors.

Sitting a few yards from me, the most prominent personage of the group, smoking his regalia, and regaling the crowd with the manner which he choked a "cobra de Copella" to death, that crawled into his hammock in India, was an old English sailor, who, from his own account had sailed over all the world, and through some parts of it.

Weighing the words down with a heavy ballast of oaths, he said he wasn't afraid of any thing in the snake line from the sea serpent down to the original snake that tempted Eve. I asked him if he had ever met the rattlesnake since he had been in America, thinking I would put his courage to the test on the morrow.

"Seen a rattlesnake! Yes, enough to sink a seventy-four! Went to Georgia on purpose to kill them! Pshaw! To think a man that had killed a boa-constrictor, fair fight, should be 'fraid of a little noisy flirt of a snake, that never grew bigger round than a marlin-spike."

At this moment the boat was running a bend near in shore, and the glare of a huge fire at a wood yard was thrown directly under the chair of the braggart, when, to my utter astonishment, I saw there, snugly coiled up, the huge proportions of my snake!

I was so horrified and astonished I could neither speak nor move. I had left him securely fastened in his cage, and yet there he was at liberty in his deadly coil, his eyes gleaming like living coals.—The light was intercepted, and the foot of the sailor moving closer to the reptile, it commenced its warning rattle, but slowly and irregularly, showing it was not fully aroused.

"What is that?" exclaimed a dozen voices.

The foot being withdrawn, the rattling ceased before its nature or source could be clearly traced.

"'Twas the steam escaping," said one.

"A goose hissing," said another.

"The wind."

"A trick to scare the sailor," thought a good many; but I knew it was a rattlesnake in his deadly coil!

The horrors of that moment I shall not attempt to describe, every second I expected to hear the shriek of the sailor, as the deadly fangs would penetrate his flesh, and I knew if a vein were stricken no power on earth could avail him, and I was powerless to warn him of his danger.

"It sounded monstrous like a rattlesnake!" observed a passenger, "but there are no doctors or fool students on board, and no body but cusses like these would be taking snakes 'bout. I was gwine up the Mississippi wunst when a rattlesnake, belonging to a medical student on board, got out and bit one of the passengers; the poor critter didn't live ten minutes, and the sawbone's 'prentice not much longer I reckon."

My hair stood on an end, for there was an earnestness about the man that told me he was not jesting.

"You didn't kill him, surely?" asked some one.

"Oh, no! we didn't exactly kill him, sich as cuttin' his throat, or puttin' lead in his holler climbin', for that would have been takin the law into our own hands; but we guv him five hundred lashes, treated him to a coat of tar and feathers, made a clean crop of one ear, and a swallow-fork-slit-under-bit and half crop of the other, and put him out on a little island up to his mouth in water, and the river arisin' a plum foot an hour!"

Not knowing but a similar fate might soon be mine, in agony, with the cold sweat streaming over me, I listened to this infernal recital, of an instance of the summary punishment termed "Lynch Law," which the unavailability of the proper law so often drove the early settlers to, and which unfortunately is not yet entirely abolished.

The sailor must have again moved his foot closer to the snake than agreeable, for his infernal rattling recommenced, and *this time* clear, loud and continuous, to the tutored ear indicating great danger, the prelude to a fatal spring.

I shook off my lethargy, and shrieked out—"Don't move, for your life! A light! for God's sake bring a light! Quick! quick!"

No one moved—thinking I was jesting. "Mister," spoke the sailor, "if it's a trick to scare me, you'll miss the figure with your child's rattle; just bring one of your real rattle-snakes along, and I'll show you whether he can frighten an English sailor or not."

Hearing me calling so loudly for a light, the mate, a stalwart Irishman, came running up with a large torch, but hardly had he reached the deck when he discovered the monster, his head drawn back ready for striking.

"Snake! Snake!" yelled he, punching at him with his glaring torch.

"Whereabouts, you lubber?" still suspecting a trick, the light blinding us all.

"Under your feet!"

The sailor looked down and beheld the hideous reptile, right under his chair! With a loud yell, he made but one spring over the guards into the river.

"Rattle-snake!" "Man overboard!" "Stop her." "Out with the yawl." "Fire! Snake! She is sinking! Shoot him! Whose is it! Lynch him! Kill the rascal!" swelled on the air, mingled with the crashing of broken doors and chairs, the oaths and rushing of terrified men, and the screaming of still more terrified women, who knew not what to fear, while clear and distinct above the infernal noise, arose the piercing rattle of the snake, who writhing his huge proportions about, and striking at everything near him, seemed to glory in the confusion he had created.

A shot was heard and then the coil collapsed, and the rattling slowly ceased. The snake was dead.

"Who brought him on board?"

"Let's lynch the scoundrel!"

"Are there any more of them?"

"Here's the box he got out of."

My name was on it in large capitals!

"Throw it overboard!"

"Throw it overboard!" I yelled out, "it may have more in it! Throw it over!"

No sooner said than done, and as the only evidence of my participation floated away over the wave, no one was louder in his denunciation, no one wanted to be shown (in order that he might whip him) the rascal that brought it on board, more than I did, except, perhaps, it was the sailor, who, now thoroughly humbled, stood shivering in his wet clothes by the furnace, ready to acknowledge that American snakes were "some snakes," certain.—*N. Y. Spirit of the Times.*

☞ It is said that the reason a young lady's face shines so much is, because she is soft-soaped so often.

Original Essay.

THE RIGHTS OF WOMEN.

NO. III.

Section 2. Of Women Considered as Wives.

In the United States there is but little difference, owing to our more than usual liberal institutions, between boys and girls during their infancy; they are generally entitled to the same rights, and have the same protection. We have, in this respect, improved upon the English law, which gives nearly the whole estate of the ancestor to the male heir, leaving girls, who have, in consequence of the customs of the world, greater need of it, almost destitute.

But let a woman assume the character of a wife, and that moment the law degrades her. Her very existence is merged in that of her husband, she has no longer any control of herself nor of her property, and she is in general rendered incapable to make any the most trifling contract, except by the actual or supposed authority of her husband.

A wife being by the law deprived of capacity or of a will, except when she is to be punished, is bound by law to obey her husband; he may take her wherever his fancy or caprice may lead, tear her away from her friends and natural protectors, and she is bound to follow him. He has the right to provide her with help and assistance, or compel her to do without them, and to get along as she may. And, according to the English law, which, however, I believe in consequence of our further advance in civilization, is not the law in all, if any of the States, a husband can, according to Lord Coke, a great lawyer, though a barbarian, beat his wife, provided he does not use a bar of iron or any other unlawful weapon, but he may use a stick not bigger than the said Lord's thumb. A man who would so treat a woman ought to be branded with infamy.

A husband may, even in this blessed land of liberty, torment his poor wife with all kinds of petty cruelty which his malice may invent, provided they do not affect the life or health of his wife. A learned judge has said that "mere austerity of temper, petulance of manners, rudeness of language, a want of civil attention and accommodation, and even occasional sallies of passion, will not amount to legal cruelty," so as to entitle the wife to relief from this tyranny, unless her life or health have suffered or are in danger. And the law makes no difference between a lady who may have been educated with the most refined feelings, and one who can return evil for evil. The only remedy a woman has is patience and resignation.

The law places the husband and wife upon different grounds, when the facts and circumstances in the eye of reason and in the sight of justice, they ought to be on the same. If the wife is guilty of a violation of her marriage vow, the husband has an action against him who has done him the injury, and he may recover damages for it; but when the husband does the same thing with much more aggravation, the wife has no action, she can recover no damage, the law leaves her absolutely without a remedy, unless it be the public one by indictment, which is open to both, but this is not a remedy for her, it is a vindication of the breath of the public law.

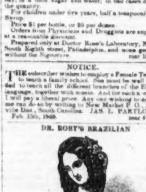
In one respect the law favors her with a degrading kindness. When she commits a crime, of the class the lawyers call *mala in se*, or not evil in itself, such as murder, in the presence of her husband, she is presumed to have acted by his compulsion, and goes unpunished. But the law has been very careful to make the circumstance of the husband's presence only a presumption, and if it be shown that she has acted independently, she is punished, though we never find that her independence ever produces her a benefit. If the crime be *malum in se*, she is not protected by the presence of her husband. Though she is a nonentity, though as Blackstone, a learned English commentator on the law, says "her very being is merged in that of her husband," when she would derive advantages in its not being so merged; yet when she commits a crime the husband is not to suffer, then she is no longer merged or incorporated in her husband, but she suffers the punishment in her own proper person.

BUBULCUS.

MAHAN'S FASHIONS.—It is really surprising to notice the improvements that have been made in the Fashion plates of the leading men in the art of cutting and fitting. It is conceded, we believe, that Mahan is the very Emperor of Fashioners, and we now award to him the lead in the production of plates. The one just issued for "Spring Fashions" is as costly and elegant as some of the figures are handsome. There are some twelve or fifteen figures, all of which are said to be likenesses. We recognized at a glance our cotemporary of the Courier—a distinguished tailor on Chesnut street, and Major Bliss. The last is perfect. Altogether, Mahan's Fashion Plate for Spring, 1848, is not to be equalled.—*Scott's Weekly Paper, Philadelphia, of March 11th, 1848.* 1t*

Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY R. JOHNSTON, BROKER.



NEW PROSPECTUS.

ALWAYS IN ADVANCE.

TRULY A MAMMOTH SHEET:

REDUCED PRICES TO CLUBS.

The Proprietors of the SATURDAY EVENING POST, satisfied from the experience of the last two years that it is the "manifest destiny" of their paper, to take its stand at the very head of the weekly press, have resolved to make the Post more worthy than ever of its high position. They accordingly now have the pleasure of calling the attention of the public to the fact, that the POST has been

GREATLY ENLARGED.

This enlargement enables them to lay the equivalent of eight more columns of reading, before their subscribers weekly—being in fact an addition of one-fourth to the old area of the paper.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED ARTICLES.

Its Original Tales, Sketches, Essays, &c., shall be of the highest character. The faults of no article can be overlooked, from a foolish respect for its originality.

Its Selected Articles will be procured from first sources; and the readers of the POST may depend upon finding in its pages the best Tales, Essays, &c., that appear either in the foreign or domestic magazines. Thus laying the whole English and American world under contribution.

ENGRAVINGS.

Engravings of various kinds, *in moderation*, also shall not be forgotten. But the POST shall never be allowed to degenerate into a mere show bill, to be looked at for a moment, and then tossed to the children to play with.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

Our Original Contributors are the *AUTHORS OF AMERICA.* We always hold ourselves ready to purchase articles offered to us, at a price proportioned to their merits. But authors whose writings are of a ridiculously exaggerated and immoral character, may save themselves and us the trouble of sending them for examination. The Post is a family paper—*and no article not calculated to enter the family circle can be admitted into its columns.*

OUR TERMS.

The terms of the enlarged POST to single subscribers will remain the same, viz.: $2.00 per annum, in advance; $3.00, if not paid in advance. For $5.00 in advance, one copy will be sent 4 years.

REDUCED TERMS TO CLUBS.

In order to accommodate that large number of persons who wish to take a first class paper, but mistakingly think they *cannot* afford it, we have concluded *to reduce our terms to clubs, as follows:*

4 COPIES,		. . . .	$5.00	PER ANNUM.
8	"	(And one to Agent, or the getter up of the club)	$10.00	"
13	"	(And one to Agent, or the getter up of the club)	$15.00	"
20	"	(And one to Agent, or the getter up of the club)	$20.00	"

THREE COPIES of the Saturday Evening Post, and ONE of either Graham's Magazine or Godey's Lady's Book for SIX DOLLARS.

FIVE COPIES of the Saturday Evening Post, and TWO of either Graham's Magazine or Godey's Lady's Book for TEN DOLLARS.

THREE COPIES of the Saturday Evening Post, and TWO of the Ladies Garland for FIVE DOLLARS.

SIX COPIES of the Saturday Evening Post, and FOUR of the Ladies' Garland for TEN DOLLARS.

TWO COPIES of the Saturday Evening Post, and TWO of the Fountain, (containing 230 pages of original letter press, and 8 of Sartain's best Magazine engravings,) for FOUR DOLLARS.

A PREMIUM OFFER.

The premium offer made in the last Prospectus of the old firm, will be adhered to and continued. The offer is as follows:

The Post Office of any town in the Union, from which we shall receive the greatest number of subscribers to the Saturday Evening Post, during the year between the 1st of November, 1847, and the 1st of November, 1848, (the papers to be mailed to such Post Office, or to subscribers through it,) shall be entitled to a continuance of the whole number of the subscriptions *gratuitously*, for one year after the expiration of the year for which their subscriptions shall have been paid.

The papers will be continued on, either to the subscribers themselves or to the agents through whom we may receive the orders for quantities, and to whom the package or packages may be directed, or to both, if there should be both in the same town, as the case may be.

ALWAYS IN ADVANCE.

The Money for Clubs must be always sent in advance. Subscriptions may be sent at our risk—(When the sum is large, a draft should be procured if possible. The cost of which may be deducted from the amount.) Address

DEACON & PETERSON, 66 CHESNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

☞ Editors copying the above, or a fair abstract of it, or who will give a notice of the new firm and enlarged paper (we ask not that they shall be *praised*, but be *noticed*) in their editorial columns, shall be entitled to an exchange. Such as are already entitled to an exchange for the current year, shall receive the thanks of the new firm.

ROBERT JOHNSTON'S
STOCK, BANK NOTE EXCHANGE, AND COLLECTION OFFICE,
No. 24 SOUTH THIRD STREET,
Opposite to Congress Hall Hotel, Philadelphia,
WHERE the different branches of Bank Note, Stock and Collection Business, will be conducted on the most liberal terms. mar 11-6m
Uncurrent Bank Notes bought and sold.

Selected Poetry.

"THIS IS THE END OF EARTH."

"This is the end of Earth!" in years and glory,
In vain centuries end its last of years;
Never let a point like hers! of life's victory.
When once, at last, death has signalled it dead!
Then from the shining city much earthly vision
With all its fair effervescence, fades away!
And only God remains to the dazed immortal,
From constant being into infinite story.

"This is the end of Earth!" in every century,
Still in each hope, and voice on the wonder.
The path seems strewed with flowers, we hear no thorns,
Hear only sweet sighs,
Breathed from the lips of age, or from their lone
Of some one who, in the gathering years, has died
And the silence eagerly we count.
The sweet sounds of the children, dancing moments.
What is the end? the cold and darkness grave,
Closing all its loveliness, life forever ended!
Behold, no cloud upon her youth's bright sky!
No fatigued flurry in eye's gladness hides;
She feels not—does not—but she soon must die.
And kind friend has closed her calm eyelids lightly!
A thing of dread to all of mortal birth;
The loving hearts her presence ever so gifted
Herald knell—such is the end of Earth.

The happy mother, tenderly intending
The smiling babies of her breast,
So many more lives of age are the blessing.
Her precious babes love shall number her final rest.
Alas! his many lips of now are failing;
His arms must no longer loose with strength;
The loved less his ever young face perishing.
Death, death! proud! Oh, cruel and fatal Death!

"This is the end of Earth!" The ardent soldier,
At home or in his loved country's defence,
His bosom upon a foreign soil will consider.
His life's blood flowing, and his warm heart cease.
The King upon his throne, the peasant lowly,
The rich and the beggar, come proud to decay;
She is the common conqueror—misery, slowly,
Stamping out forever the light of life's day.

Human and God-given, that one, indeed, the ending
Of all that on earth lived in love.
Or what could receive our sad despair, when bending
Above the last sleep by the young and dear?
Or what into the brave and then the lover save morning,
When sweet hope awakens the bounds of Death.
Where are moist tears again, beloved and loving,
The blessed Future into the homeward land.

On such the conclave where the great men, dying,
Embrace, with trust in God, the last dread smile
Which whom could stand around are sighing
Have calmly by yields up its soul upon life.
Thankful to the plan, Death has never receding
Fresh organ triumphance in an aged kernel;
And whose sound angels' welcomes are sounding,
Gently to bear him to his Heavenly rest.

The North American and U. S. Gazette.

Pictures of Life.

SKETCHES BY THE CAPTAIN.

THE PIRATE.

Eighteen years ago, the ship I commanded was entering over the waves, on a mission of mercy—that is, by the generous contributions of a New England city, she was bound to the Cape de Verde, with bread for the famine stricken and dying. Brighter skies never gladdened the sailor's heart; than those which were bent above us; pleasanter winds never filled the sails of the new passenger; then those which sped us on to the haven where we should be; and good cheer have the good ship in His holy keeping," the prayer which concluded the old English bell of lading, had been heard and granted—for, well, read the deck of the stout craft, whose errand it was to succor the destitute.

We were all in high spirits, forward in the decks, and aft in the cabin. Sailors, who are as often hungry, imbibe of every moment to be put upon short allowance, and compelled at times to fast entirely, know better than the landsmen, how to prize those wanted luxuries. Jack has rarely sympathy for the man who has no biscuit in his wallet.

It was near the fourteenth day out—just in the first grey of the morning, that the mate announced me with the startling intelligence that a suspicious vessel was in sight. With the first ray of light, the vigilant had descried her; and she was now so near as to be clearly made out without a glass. She was dead to windward.

The first glance at the stranger almost dispelled the fear that she could be a foe—but suspicion—

BLIGHT IN PEAR TREES.

A valuable tree of Fall Butter pears was much affected in 1845. A part of the bark was removed to the 6th month, care being taken to avoid leaving the cambium exposed. In the 7th month, and in 1847 appears more thrifty. A younger tree also showed the effection. The bark was removed entirely from the body. The disease has disappeared, and the tree is thrifty, and is now bearing a crop of large pears finely. I do not say it was attacted by "hoking" the tree, but do not know that the remedy is worth trial. The remedy was simple tree where it naturally helped them.

S. H. *Rickmond, Ind.*, 19 mo., 1847.

Selected Articles.

TELL ME HOW TO WOO THEE.

If daughts-maids my lady pines,
Right sure I'll bounce by my word,
And strong his arm and fine his coat
That bears me on board.

I'll wear thy colors in my cap,
Thy pennon on my mast;
And be who heads not to thy eyes,
Shall rue it till he rest.

Then tell me how to woo thee, love,
Oh! tell me how to woo thee,
For thy dear sake, my lost love,
Thou tell me how to woo.

Mary store answer thine eye,
I'll steal me down with ease by night,
And report thee not to the day.

I'll wear no gage, love, save
Some seemly token to my love,
Some seemly token to my love,
Thou tell me how to woo.

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A MYSTERY OF PARIS.

"We have been much occupied," says a letter of date of last week, by a mysterious affair which the arrest of Anne Radcliffe, to the lonely content of all who remember with delight the emotions inspired by the deadly mystery of the Rue Morgue. The affair is the common conqueror—misery, slowly, Human and God-given, that one, indeed, the ending Of all that on earth lived in love.

Or what could receive our sad despair, when bending Above the last sleep by the young and dear? Or what into the brave and then the lover save morning, When sweet hope awakens the bounds of Death. Where are moist tears again, beloved and loving, The blessed Future into the homeward land.

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Shall rue it till he rest.

Then tell me how to woo thee, love,
Oh! tell me how to woo thee,
For thy dear sake, my lost love,
Thou tell me how to woo.

Mary store answer thine eye,
I'll steal me down with ease by night,
And report thee not to the day.

I'll wear no gage, love, save
Some seemly token to my love,
Some seemly token to my love,
Thou tell me how to woo thee.

Then tell me how to woo thee, love,
Oh! tell me how to woo thee,
For thy dear sake, my lost love,
Thou tell me how to woo.

Mary store answer thine eye,
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Thou tell me how to woo thee.

A MYSTERY OF PARIS.

"We have been much occupied," says a letter of date of last week, by a mysterious affair which the arrest of Anne Radcliffe, to the lonely content of all who remember with delight the emotions inspired by the deadly mystery of the Rue Morgue. The affair is entirely original. It is the custom amongst Catholics, even when not fervent and enthusiastic, to go to the sacrament on Christmas-day, and for several days previous there are crowds crowded into the churches. Jul, who actually besiege the various confessionals, in order to obtain a blessing. The remarkable fact in our case immediately before us is, that the murder was committed in the church of St. Roch, and actually after; and is intended at this present writing to be ascertained that the murderer was in the act of leaving the church, and of coming out of the church, when, entering the festive season, seized on her—and, in the presence of many persons, who, however, were engaged in celebrating their children, gave her dead body to the earth, and the murderer escaped. They are loved, to be sure. The poor victim there lies in the church of St. Roch, reverence and love them. The world is foolish enough to call them liberal, and praise their pubby spirit. Let them enjoy it if they can, poor souls; they have not much else to comfort them. For true pity, for the sacredness of human life, for their children's things, and—you are rich!—*Reverend Sir.*

A CALIFORNIAN BELLE.

[A California correspondent of the Home Journal gives the following description of a Californian Belle.]

Last night I passed with a *Californian Belle!* A real, genuine, out-and out, live, native belle; mean; indigenous to the soil. I can assure you I have nearly lost my senses. Her name is Dona, the daughter of a "Rancheru," who lives about fifty miles from the interior, and should any of your readers feel for love of absence yearn unconcealed, I don't know of a better remedy than to call on Dona Sol! The girl is beautiful—her complexion is of a dark, ruddy hue, tinged with red, like the leaves in autumn; her eyes are black as night, large, full and intensely sparkling, teeth as white as pearls, and her form the very ne plus ultra of grace; was so ruffled—raising locks, embracing a seat so graceful, and a foot so small, that I was lost. In all these natural charms, she can "*pay her money*-bill" things most sweetly, touches her guitar with exquisite skill, dances the fandango to perfection, and—I believe I have said it—is fond of me! She rides well because, there's no help for it, she was born in the saddle—can cut across a hunting-knife in her garter, and understands the use of it, too, as well as her fan and eyes. She never sat upon a chair in all her life, knows nothing about carpets, ropes, fashions, or finances, and never wears bonnets, but a mantilla of lace.

Well, gentlemen, there she is—what is you think of her? Don't be deceived by her dress—she could make a decent rope yarn point little finger to be apprehended when I am alongside. Don't be deceived by her apparent want of education, and is ready to accompany me to-morrow. So take your telescope and keep a sharp look-out in the offing for the strange craft.

EXCERPTS.

Dear is to us are those we love on: the smell we mourn we spend with them not a compensation for a great deal of misery; they enlarge our life; but they also enlarge our capacity for suffering. And they add another life: they build a heaven before we enter it. Love is a prophet of immortality. Love says, "I am afraid, am not," observed the worthy Bertie, taking another pinch; "you should just see the stuff they write about it in the papers. Why, I'm not sure that I'm not in love myself, and I'm sure I'm not afraid of it."

"If I'm afraid, you are